

OCALA EVENING STAR

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

BITTINGER & CARROLL, PROPRIETORS

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| One month, in advance......60 | One month, in advance......80 |

It looks like MacKenzen's Serbian laurels are turning to Roumanian willows.

They found a subterranean moonshine still right in the heart of Atlanta.

The French claim that in two months they have taken 60,000 prisoners on the Somme front.

Ocala is a democratic town, but some of its business people would like mighty well to have a local protective tariff.

The Columbia State is making a fine argument for Wilson. The only trouble is that most of the State's readers are going to vote for Wilson anyway.

James W. Gerard, American ambassador to Germany, is said to be on his way home for a brief vacation. He has been constantly on duty for over two years.

Tampa Tribune wants Florida put on eastern time. One argument in favor of the change would be that it would be a powerful reason for state division.

News note informs us that Mr. Hughes never swears. Betcha two to one that he says "damn" before Thanksgiving day.—Tampa Times.

Courts have decided "damn" isn't swearing.

What a darling world it would be if everybody were as polite as a candidate.—Tampa Tribune.

If everybody was as impolite as one candidate we know, this world would be a rough house.

The dispatches announce that as soon as the great war is over the Japanese will renew their attempts to have their people who come to the United States put on an equal footing with American citizens.

A friend calls our attention to the fact that a year ago the Germans had a preponderance of men, guns and ammunition on the western front, and could not go forward. Today, the preponderance is against them, and they are going backward.

The British say the Germans at Combes seem to have lost their spirit toward the last. They made a weak resistance and seemed glad to surrender. After all they had endured, and knowing they had been left in a hopeless position, they were not to blame.

New York Herald is printing an advertisement of a battlefield for sale. Said field is on the Somme front, is furrowed with trenches and occasionally sprinkled with shells. At least one French real estate agent has sub-time faith in his country.

Speaking of real estate agents, a good one is a valuable asset to any community. We know one who in the past ten years, its a safe bet to say, has secured for this community more bona fide settlers than any colonization scheme in South Florida. He makes very little splash, but the people he induces to buy land in Marion county almost invariably stay on it and improve it.

Reading far back in the mythical ages of Greece, when gods and goddesses were believed to come down from high Olympus to talk with men and women, Crete was renowned as a spunky little island, and it seems like the blood of the bowmen who maintained their liberties against invaders in the days of Minos hasn't run out yet.

There is a movement on foot in Sumter county to erect a monument to Major Dade and his men, who were massacred by the Indians at the beginning of the first Seminole war. The place where the massacre took place is something over a mile from Bushnell. The road from Ocala to Tampa passes near it.

Mr. L. R. Trammell, secretary of the Ocala democratic campaign collecting committee, telephoned to the Star yesterday, asking if it, the Star, was incorporated. On our asking him why in blazes he asked such a silly question, he replied that it was against the principles of the national democratic committee to accept funds from corporations, so if the Star was incorporated its contribution would have to be returned. Quick as a flash, we thought of a whole lot of things that could be done with that five dollars, and sadly and sorrowfully replied to Mr. Trammell that the Star wasn't incorporated and the committee would have to keep the money.

Frank Clark is an aggressive sort of a person and draws considerable fire from the republican press. It is therefore gratifying to find the following mention of him in Leslie's Weekly, regarding his position in regard to the Adamson eight-hour day bill: "In the House, one of the best argu-

ments against the bill was made by Representative Frank Clark, of Florida, who pointed out that he was in favor of an eight hour day for all labor, but that this proposition was simply a demand that Congress raise the pay of a certain class. He said that he would forfeit his seat in Congress before he would stultify himself by 'swallowing this kind of stuff.' He refused to take part in the proceedings and when the final vote was taken he was recorded as not voting."

MRS. INGLIS

The numerous friends of Mrs. Louise Inglis, wife of Capt. John L. Inglis, learn with the greatest regret of her death yesterday at her home in Riverside, Jacksonville. While Mrs. Inglis never lived in Ocala, she often visited here and was very close to this city. Mr. Beattie Inglis, her eldest son, married Miss Kate Livingston of this city, sister of Mr. J. H. Livingston. Mrs. Inglis was born in Madison, Florida, where she will be buried today. Besides her husband, Capt. Inglis, she is survived by four sons, Mr. Alex Inglis of Rockwell, Mr. Lawton Inglis of Alabama, Mr. Beattie Inglis of Alabama, Mr. Edgar Inglis of Jacksonville, and a daughter, Mrs. Meade Love of Quincy.

Leslie's Weekly is one of the most stalwart republican papers in America. So it is noteworthy that it says:

"Unnecessary! It is unnecessary to raise a sectional issue in this presidential campaign. Let the dead past be buried. If the South is the controlling factor in the present government it is because the people voted to have it so. The solid South is the mainstay of the democratic party, and under all the rules of the game it is therefore entitled to dominate in the councils of the administration. Nor should it be forgotten that the southern states have made it a rule for years to return to Congress their representative men and to keep them there so that they might become trained in the practice of legislation. It would be infinitely better if the West and North were to follow this excellent example instead of changing their representatives at Washington at the time when they are beginning to be useful. There are sufficient issues in this great presidential campaign on which to make an appeal to the voters without seeking to divide them on sectional lines. The South is prosperous. It has marvelous riches undeveloped which are attracting capital liberally from the North. Its thoughtful men are changing their opinions to some extent regarding the need of a tariff to protect Southern industries and of an adequate ship subsidy to give the South facilities for the transportation of its cotton and other crops which are sought for in the markets of the world. Give the South a chance."

Marshal Carter, who has been working vigorously to raise money for the benches on the courthouse square, has collected about two-thirds of the necessary amount. He needs only a few dollars more, and all who haven't contributed should come across. These benches are much needed, not only for visitors from the county, but by our own people. Ocala is the only town of its size which has not seats in such a public place as the courthouse square. Many times in the last dozen years have we heard comment from our citizens and the country people on this long felt want. Some people seem to be afraid that the seats will be used by loafers to the exclusion of respectable people, but they needn't worry. As long as we keep a decent police force on duty, its members will see to it that objectionable characters have to move along. So, chip in. The Star has contributed and it is as poor as anybody. If you don't see Carter, call up 303 and tell Henry Sistrunk to tell the marshal you want him to see you.

The two Ocala papers are rebuking each other. They ought to save their rebukes for Catts. They have none to spare, if he gets justice.—Punta Gorda Herald.

Catts' friends up this way say we rebuke him too much now.

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ILLEGITIMATE ADVERTISING

There is a form of advertising and publicity that has become very common. Its use ought to cease. It is not legitimate. The scheme is to advertise one section by publishing photographs or descriptions of another section "near by"; the "near by" being any distance except near. The plan is misleading, and especially so in view of the fact that the geography and geology of Florida vary widely.

The Star recently told of a land development in South Florida being advertised with a photograph of Marion county hay stacks. The hay was not the kind named in the caption under the picture. The other day the Leesburg Commercial printed a long article on the Muclan farms, pointing out that the farms were near Leesburg, but neglecting to state that Muclan is in Marion county, and not Lake county, and nearer Ocala than Leesburg. As a result, some of the largest papers in the state have reprinted the Commercial's article, either in part or in its entirety, and have referred to the Muclan farms as being in Lake county, although just a few days before the same papers had printed articles about the farms being in Marion county.

In a way, these things are a compliment to Marion county. They are certainly not complimentary to any other section. But these methods of publicity are not good. They must of necessity prove to be a boomerang in the long run.

REMINISCENCE

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Editor Star: All things considered I think it is about time I was getting a furlough. There was nothing of any special importance going on and a limited number of furloughs were being granted, so just after the occurrences related in my last number took place (excepting of course, what I wrote about Town Creek, my capture and Sam's going home) I concluded I would put in an application for one and see what would come of it. I did so, and it went through the usual pool of red tape and in due time came back with so many endorsements on it that I was glad I started it out on a full sized sheet of paper.

The endorsements were all "approvals" however and when it was handed to me a real thrill of genuine pleasure and happiness ran all through my system when I examined it and found that I held in my hands a document which enabled me to anticipate ten days of delightful enjoyment up at the dear old home with father, mother and other members of the family, none of whom I had seen for fifteen or sixteen months. Of course you know that I thought out and planned a great many things that I would do during those ten days in which I would be free from army duties, army rations and army associations with "men only," especially the latter, for don't you know I was anxious to see sweet, lovely female faces once more, and particularly those of them that were near and dear to me. So my mind was running and turning out things like a long reel at a movie show, displaying things I intended to do, people I expected to see and—oh, a whole lot of things that would have filled up twenty days let alone the ten that I expected to crowd them into. But it was good to think about them even if in the realization I failed to bring them all within the scope of ten days, so I let the reel of my mind run on and on while I was getting ready to leave the camp and after I got on my way and all along on the journey homeward. Once fairly on the way the train seemed to move so slowly and it stopped so often and stayed so long at all the intermediate stations; and the engines were wood-burners in those days, and stopped at wood-racks along the road to take on wood, and it took so long to fill up the tender, and the water tanks were not always at the stations or at the wood-racks, and they stopped at the tanks for water, and it just seemed to me that they could have half drained the ocean while they took on a few thousand gallons, but by and by the train crossed the Edisto river, the dearest stream in all the world to me, and I knew that the next station was where I would get off—"Midway! All off for Midway!" the brakeman shouted as we neared the station. I did not wait a minute but arose from the seat and went out on the platform and was ready to step off before the train came to a dead stop. Well, I was off at Midway, but still four miles from the dear old homestead, so what next? No one at home knew I was coming, as I had not time to write after I knew my furlough was approved, so no one met me. I looked around a little to see if I could see any one from over in the old neighborhood, but saw no one. I did not waste time looking about, for a four-mile hike was nothing to me then, so I lit out for home in a good soldierly swing, knowing that I could easily make it in an hour or less—but I did not do it, for in passing the home of Capt. Bill Zeigler he saw and halted me, and came out to the road and asked me many questions about people he knew who were in the army and camped near us, and he made special inquiry about John Autley and told me what John had written his people to send him—among other things, saugages—and told me how John spelled the word, but I shall not attempt to repeat the captain's words or his manner of telling it, for it is utterly impossible in written words to convey to another the slightest idea of his manner and peculiar intonation in telling that or any other amusing

incident, anecdote or story, for in almost every respect he was a character sui generis. To hear him tell about the saugages, or relate any story or occurrence, was always very amusing, so that while I chafed at the delay I cannot say that I did not enjoy the ten or fifteen minutes halt that I spent with him. I moved on and did not pause again until I came to the long bridge—Cannon's—which spanned the South Edisto river which then separated Barnwell from Orangeburg county. The bridge was built of cypress timber and lumber, comparatively new and splendidly constructed, and in spanning the main stream was one hundred yards long. When I reached the middle of the bridge I just had to stop and look at this beautiful stream and watch its rippling waters winding its way to the sea, curving and recurring between the growth of magnificent trees and shrubs and flowering vines which marked the river's bounds on each flower were at their best along the shores, late of an afternoon when the shore. Oh! what a grand and lovely stream it is! How I loved it then and how I love it now; the delightful memories associated with it—the fishing, the bathing, the hunting that I enjoyed so much along its shores and upon its rolling waters sweet Edisto! Whenever I think of or hear the lines in the "Old Oaken Bucket," "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood," you, my dear old river, form a prominent feature in memory's gallery. Father had a splendid boat on the river, "Blue Junieta"—and in the springtime, when the gorgeous sunbeams, soft and yellow, glinted through the leaves of the forest, and birds of brilliant plumage chirped their vesper songs as they flitted from bough to bough, to sit in this boat and drift down this lovely river was a soul-soothing delight as charmingly sweet and ecstatic as a poet's dream. When I think now of the many times I have enjoyed this enchanting pastime, the song of my heart is, "Oh! would I were a boy again, When life seemed formed of sunny years, And all my heart then knew of pain, Was wept away in transient tears." The memory of those hallowed days shine out through the mists of intervening years like a solitary star on

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM A TALLAHASSEE WOMAN.

Tallahassee, Fla.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and have found it just what it is claimed to be. I had woman's trouble. After my first baby was born my health was ruined. I was so nervous and weak I could not do my work. Was told by a friend about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I sent and got a bottle. I could tell that it had helped me. I took five bottles in all and can say that it has cured me. I can do my work. It is a pleasure to me to be well, and I would advise all mothers to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I always tell the good news to all."—Mrs. SALLIE SMITH, 148 St. Francis St., Tallahassee, Fla.

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the clouded brow of evening. But alas! alas! this magnificent bridge and the beautiful Blue Junieta were wantonly destroyed when Sherman's army crossed the Edisto river at that place, but thank God they could neither steal nor burn the dear old river. And now I must go on or my furlough will be out before I reach the dear old home, for although as soon as I step off of the bridge I will be on my father's domain, still I will be a mile and a half from the oak bordered avenue that led up to the dwelling house. Now shut your eyes * * *

And now presto! Open your eyes! I am there, and dear me! the joy and delight of being embraced and kissed by the loved ones whose presence there made sacred every tile and every hearthstone in the dear old home. Well, it goes without saying, that I did not go, see or do half that I had mapped out during the time I had on furlough, but you can put it down as a fact that I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. Now I am going to tell you of one place I went and what I saw although I frankly acknowledge that I lack the art of portraying the scene and what occurred in such a manner as to bring out the various points in all of their amusing particulars, but "such as I have give I unto thee." Notwithstanding the large number of men that had gone into service, the state still required those at home between the ages of 17 and 50 to do military service and keep up the militia companies and to drill twice in each month. It so happened that one of the regular drill days in the beat taking in the country around our home came on while I was on my furlough, and I determined to go to the "muster ground" and see how these "reservists" were progressing towards "preparedness." When the day came I set out and in due time arrived at the gathering place and found quite a number already there. By 10 o'clock, the hour for the drilling to begin, some fifty or sixty militiamen were there for duty. The drill ground was an open old field still under fence but had not been cultivated for several years, but the last time it was cultivated it had been planted in corn and the old corn rows were plainly in evidence. A large gate opened into the field and just outside was a large umbrageous oak and under it was a well of cool, sparkling water. The men were not uniformed (except the commissioned officers) and were dressed in clothes of all kinds of cuts and colors and armed with all kinds of firearms—double-barreled and single-barreled shotguns, long-barreled squirrel rifles, some few old flintlocks and a very few, more modern, percussion cap shot guns. The officers wore uniforms but I do not remember the color now, but they were profusely ornamented with brass buttons and the hats liberally supplied with white and blue feathers. Capt. J. Gillam commanded the company. He was a good man, highly respected citizen. The tactics used was not the same as that used by the Confederate army, but was "Gillam's." The hour having arrived the men went into the field and the captain sung out, "Fall in men! Fall in!" "In two two ranks." Immediately the men began to get into line but without regard to height or size, but mixed and tangled up into a crooked, ragged line that had more the appearance of a scraggly hedge fence than a line of soldiers. The alignment did not suit the captain and he ordered them to form along in one of the alleys of the old corn rows which they proceeded to do. He then ordered the rear rank to "advance backwards" one step as he was going to practice them in the manual of arms and it "would give them more room for their guns." Having thus arranged them he proceeded to put them through the manual of arms as per Gillam. Of course even well drilled soldiers could not do themselves justice with such arms as the militia had, and criticism of them would be unkind, but at the same time it was highly amusing to see them try. Then the captain undertook to march them by company front and to wheel by company, to break into platoons, and some other movements. Of course they could not keep in line or keep step and the rear rank trod on the front rank's heels, but they tried, and mused around in the hot sun for nearly an hour before the captain halted them to rest. Then it was that some of the men said they were thirsty and suggested that the captain march them out through the gate to the well so they could get water. To this he assented and called the company to "Attention!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right face!" "Forward march!" This they proceeded to do, but they were not headed for the gate, and so the captain gave first one command and then another, and another, but each move they made they failed to hit the gate, and at last the captain in confusion and despair said out "File right, men! and by gosh if you don't hit the gate so out anyhow." And they did, and breaking ranks around the well ended the drill. They joked and laughed and asked me many questions about service at the front, etc., and then dispersed to their respective homes and I did likewise.

But the spirit of the revolution was in those militiamen and the blood of the forefathers ran in their veins, and later on in the war many of that same company did fine service for their country and some of them gave their lives for the cause.

Laurie T. Izlar.

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